

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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The People of the Little Streets

It is no surprise to us that the whole civilised world is thrilled by the marvellous spectacle of London in these days, for we who are in it and of it are thrilled ourselves.

We had no doubt that it would be so, yet now that it has come, now that our buildings rock and fall while our people stand firm, there is something we had not thought of in these people who have lived next door to us, or across the street, through all these years. We had always known that they were there, the biggest variety company ever gathered together on the face of the earth, millions and millions of them packed in mean streets or in smart suburbs.

The Great Unknown

There they were, the people of East London, like ants in their numbers; and as busy in their poor homes and their little shops—trading on kerbstones, toiling at the docks, wheeling their barrows to market, shutting our carriage doors if we go by train, looking after us on the bus, driving our taxis, sweeping the streets, porters and pedlars, messengers and waiters, watchmen and newsmen, and the flower women with their huge baskets waiting for the kindly bus.

We buy their papers and they have a word for us. We tip them and they salute us. They carry our parcels, bring our letters, work the lifts, and in a thousand ways we are in touch with them, yet they are part of some vast moving throng which has always been there, like our British oaks, our buttercup fields, our cattle on a thousand hills. They are the wheels that go round to see that the work is done, and we have not thought of them too much. For years we left millions of them to live and die in slums.

Heroes Among Us

And now we find that they are wonderful, that millions of heroes have been among us unawares. It is not too much to say that they are the backbone of the victorious army which will bring Hitler toppling down. We need not be great philosophers to realise

that if East London had collapsed before Hitler and his murderous crew the whole situation would have been transformed. As it is, East London has stood its terrible pounding with patience undreamed of and a courage unsurpassed, and the effect has been like another Dunkirk, a miraculous uplifting of the hearts of men not only in the Island and the Empire but wherever Freedom runs. America has understood at last the character of the Motherland from which she sprang.

These people have been battered and beaten and robbed of their homes. They have seen everything they possessed go up in flames. They have been killed and wounded in thousands and stricken in tens of thousands, and their familiar world is shattered in pieces. They toil all day and cannot sleep at night. Their little streets are reeling, their houses tumbling down. Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but these people and their little ones have not anywhere to lay their heads.

Undaunted

The country that has given them liberty and has been so strong in the world is in the grip of something shaking its foundations, and they are no politicians, they do not understand exactly what it is; for all they know it might be possible for the Nazi crew to destroy us. A blank lookout it is for them in this black hour, yet nothing can daunt them.

The cobbler, while the bombs are falling round his little home, carries on his cobbling in the shelter. The housewife bombed twice out of her house settles down in a third home close by. The boy whose mate is killed at his side by a falling building turns up at the office in the morning. The girl whose home is cut in two with the houses bombed on either side changes her address and carries on. When one kinema is bombed the children run into another. The three hundred children torpedoed beg to be put on another ship to start again. The village just missed by ten bombs last night thanks God and carries on. The father

whose wife and four children are dead is not broken by this foul blow from Hitler's murderers. "What am I going to do? Why—join up." Never in the history of courage has a nation owed so much to the example of its common folk.

The Maniac

We are all in the battle now. We live in hourly peril and do not shrink, but for most of us there is a margin of comfort and security which makes it easier to brave the risk of instant death. For the masses in our little streets it is hard and cruel, and when the blow comes it may leave them homeless and penniless and almost friendless in the world. And yet there is no courage like theirs; as well may Hitler strike against the Matterhorn as against their hearts.

For the first time in the history of the world a powerful military nation has turned its weapons against the common people. He cannot beat our Air Force. He cannot touch our Fleet. He cannot reach our Army. Baffled and thwarted by the Island in his plot for world dominion, he wreaks revenge on the civilian population. He burns down their houses, blows up their shops, flings bombs into sleeping villages, and seeks to destroy our churches, museums, libraries, art galleries, schools, hospitals, and orphan homes. Never before in history has a conqueror sought to destroy these things. It is only a maniac who imagines that civilisation can be overthrown like this.

London's Scars

We walk about London and see its age-old beauty scarred and battered. We see a noble building broken, a great shop burning, huge craters in streets known to the travellers of the world. The Abbey is just missed by a bomb, St Paul's has been saved by a miracle, the British Museum and the lovely little Wallace Collection have been aimed at by Nazi assassins, though they could not aim straight. We walk about a village and the old barn is a heap of charred timbers, there is a time-bomb at the station, and the green

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In the Little Streets



On broken homes we set our feet
And raise proud heads that all may see,
Immortal in each little street,
The soul in its integrity.

A. A. Milne
in The Times

MILLIONS AND MILLIONS OF GOOD FRIENDS

THIS is how the people of the United States of America have grown in number since the first census was taken 14 years after the Declaration of Independence. We give the figures for half-century intervals:

1790	3,900,000
1840	17,100,000
1890	62,900,000
1940	131,400,000

The first 50 years put on 13,200,000, the second 45,800,000, the third 68,500,000!

Such a rate of growth could not be expected to go on for ever, and in the last ten years it has shown a marked decline. The fall is due to two things—the deliberate restriction of immigration and the drop in the number of children born.

The second of these causes is the more important. So low has the American birthrate become that the population is in virtual decline; the number of new children is not

big enough to replace the existing population.

Although the population is so great, America is so big that it is only sparsely populated, some 40 people to the square mile. The 48 States have an average area of 63,000 square miles, which is more than the area of England. Texas is twice as big as England yet has fewer than 5,000,000 people.

The 131,400,000 Americans include over 13,000,000 Negroes, so that the white population is about 118,000,000. These include people of every race and country under the sun, although the bulk are of European stock. Little nations exist within her borders; for example, there are far more Irish in America than in Ireland.

The most wonderful example, this, of many different peoples living together in friendliness; and we have the pleasure of knowing that the bulk of them are our good friends.

Cherry Kearton's Work is Ended

WITH the passing of Cherry Kearton at 69, after broadcasting in a Children's Hour, the world of books has lost a nature-writer, photography has lost a pioneer, and the realm of wild-life has lost a friend.

When our fathers and mothers were young natural history books were invariably illustrated with drawings; but Cherry Kearton changed all that, and his delightful photographs of birds published in the books written by his brother Richard marked a turning-point in nature study and did much to bring it the popularity it holds today. Cherry Kearton's bird-studies brought new beauty to book illustration in the early years of this century. It is not so well known, perhaps, that in another field he was also a pioneer, for he made the first aerial picture record of London from an airship as long ago as 1905.

Cherry Kearton was not only the first photographer of wild-life, however; he was also one of the finest, and when he turned his attentions to the wider field of big game he achieved a well-deserved fame. He travelled in many parts of the world, and was often in danger from such fearsome beasts as lions and elephants, and he was once charged by a huge rhinoceros, but throughout his career he never carried a gun. He had shot more animals than he could remember, but he never harmed one, for his only weapon was a camera.

With the advent of the cinema Cherry Kearton's work widened in scope and gave him a bigger public, and the many thousands who have read his books, seen his films, or listened to his lectures and broadcasts, will regret the passing of this distinguished and very charming Yorkshireman.

IN MEMORIAM

From Canada came Flying-Officer Horace Overall, but he had not been long in this country when he met his death in an accident, crashing into a house in Yorkshire.

Living in the house were two children, Tony and Maureen. They and their mother (Mrs Hughes) put flowers on the Overall grave, tending it as if it were the resting-place of someone dear to them, and news of this reached Mrs Overall in Canada. She has now offered Tony and Maureen a home near Niagara Falls, in a spot far beyond the reach of Hitler's bombs, and there at this hour are these two Yorkshire children, intending to remain till Europe is safe again.

What a lovely way Mrs Overall found of remembering her boy!

The Mistake

When Lord Horne (who died the other week) became Chancellor of the Exchequer his mother said, "I used to pray that my son would become a minister, but I think the Lord has made a mistake and did not understand the kind of minister I meant."

THINGS SEEN

A fire-engine 111 years old working on air-raid fires.

Open-as-usual notice in a London tavern, and the battered little teashop next door with *More open than usual.*

A sunflower over 17 inches across at Sittingbourne.

Little News Reels

Freemasons are sending in their ceremonial gold and silver for the war, and already £10,000 has been raised in this way.

Station-Officer Crummey, of the Isle of Man Coastguards at Ramsey, has seven sons serving in or training for the Navy.

Bad memories have cost Manchester £425 up to date—the cost of lost identity cards and ration books.

A prize in the Arts and Crafts Exhibition at Old Windsor has been won by Arthur Frost of the Grenadier Guards for a piece of embroidery started in France last winter, and worked on while waiting for a boat at Dunkirk.

Seven hundred girls employed in a laundry near Glasgow stop work each day at noon for two minutes and stand by their machines in silent prayer.

We hear of a Yorkshire woman who received information that her husband had been posted missing at Dunkirk. The next day her son, 17, said to her: "I'm going to join up."

Italian men are now being asked to give up hats and trousers owing to the shortage of material.

This is a slogan used by the Yorkshire Women's Voluntary Service: *Do as Dad does—Keep Mum.*

Our pilots have noted smoke rising 1000 feet after bombing, and have seen flames glowing at a distance of 80 miles.

Canadian summer time is to continue indefinitely to help the output of war industries.

It is thought that winter will begin early this year because great numbers of storks have been seen flying over Switzerland towards the south.

A million sleeping bunks for air-raid shelters are being delivered, many made with timber from houses damaged in raids.

An appeal is being made for old gramophone records, of which about six millions are probably wasted every year; they can be used again and save shipping.

"All the brigands are now in one camp," says the *Toronto Globe* commenting on the new pact between the Nazis, the Mussis, and the Japs.

Lord Nuffield has given £10,000 to the National Institute for the Blind.

Scout and Guide News Reel

The Silver Cross for gallantry with considerable risk has been awarded to Senior Scout Arthur Tallentire of Evenwood, Durham, who rescued an 11-year-old boy who fell into the River Tees close to a dangerous waterfall.

Guides of New South Wales have provided 43 Guiders and some Rangers to give First Aid instruction to the Women's Australian Naval Service.

Five hundred Scouts operated a Social Service Camp for five days during a religious festival on the Sonapur River, India; in spite of intense morning cold the boys stood waist deep in the water to prevent drownings among the bathing pilgrims.

Bombay Scouts pay regular visits to orphanages and children's institutes, and sponsor a monthly Children's Day of games and other entertainment for poor children.

Four thousand Scouts in Toronto have collected for the Red Cross enough tins of food to fill a ship.

A bomb having fallen in a wood in the Midlands, Scout Leslie Mitchell put out the fire after only eight trees had been lost; he saved acres of woodland.

The People of the Little Streets

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hillside is patched with white chalk craters, made by bombs which missed the sleeping people.

But in town and village our people carry on, undaunted and unafraid. Who, walking in London by day, would guess what had been happening there the night before? If it is a poignant thing to see this famous city scarred by felon blows, it is an inspiring thing to see its people proud and defiant against whatever fate may come. Not down East alone, but North and South and West its life goes on. We do our work in snatches and odd places, we take our sleep in bits, we race the bombs to catch our trains, we are late with our papers and hurried with our lunches, but we carry on. The marvellous example of the people of the little streets has touched us all with pride and set us longing to be as brave as they. They suffer all and stand four square to every blow that comes. They are the aristocracy of heroes; it was from them that Jack Cornwell sprang, and long before him Grace Darling, who died because her corner of the world was a tiny room without a window in it.

The Danish Hitler

It is more than a thousand years since a Danish Hitler invaded our coast with the words on his banner:

Who are you that should withstand our power? The storm of the ocean stops us not; submit, then, to a master whom even the elements respect.

It was King Edmund who answered for our people in the year 870, when the Danish hordes came plundering and burning as the Nazi hordes come now:

Stained as you are with the blood of my people, you deserve death, but I will not pollute my hands with your blood. Tell your commander I am neither terrified by his threats nor deluded by his promises. Let his boundless cupidity, which no plunder can satiate, take and consume my treasures. You may destroy this frail and falling body, but know that the freedom of my mind shall never for an instant bow before him. Death is preferable to slavery. Hence! How can you allure me by the hope of power, as if I could desire a kingdom where its subjects are robbed of everything that makes life valuable?

Land of the Free

Then it was a king who spoke; now it is a king and people, too, one in danger and determination, one in the spirit that has made this nation what it is. Never has the English spirit knit our people so closely into one, never has it stirred the heart and captured the imagination of the world as now. A thousand years have but cemented us more firmly to the Island, and set us invincible on the rock of human freedom. Every poor free man is of the very heart of England, one with its little hills, its meadows, groves, and streams, one with its eternal glory.

There's a land, a dear land, where the rights of the free, Though firm as the earth, are as wide as the sea;

Where the primroses bloom and the nightingales sing, And the honest poor man is as good as the king.

There's a land, a dear land, where our vigour of soul Is fed by the tempests that blow from the Pole;

Where a slave cannot breathe or invader presume

To ask for more earth than will cover his tomb.

How Stands London?

Not only this land of the free depends upon us now, but the future of the world. The spirit of Whitechapel and Mile End and Bermondsey and Rotherhithe have become factors in the fate of all mankind. It is not only Yorkshire and Devon and Capetown and Sydney and Ottawa that thrill when they read of the courage of East London folk, but in far-off cities and lonely hamlets where our flag has never flown heart reverberates to heart and the flame of freedom burns brighter. How stands London now? they are asking on the prairies of the West, in the vast forests and mountain valleys of California, on the Stock Exchanges of Chicago and New York, in Brazil and Argentina, in the bazaars of Cairo and in the desert villages of the Nile, in India and China, in Persia and Turkestan, in Angora and Bagdad, wherever men are free or wherever men are slaves.

The spirit of a free man responds to the spirit of a free man from the ends of the earth, and every hour through which we endure this bitterness strengthens and uplifts the cause of liberty and the high hopes of mankind. Not even the angels in heaven can be unmoved by the spectacle of the Capital, the Island, and the Empire now. These Three will save the world, and in these tragic hours it is the Capital that bears the blows and sustains the hope of man by its dauntless courage.

Symbol of Man

What is the glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome, compared with the incredible and invincible splendour that is London? That splendour is made up of many things—the historic tradition London has built up since Caesar came to see it, the geographical magnetism which has made it the centre of the world's trade, the financial security which has made it the envy of all lands, its unequalled resources of learning, its boundless wealth of antiquity, its vast accumulations of knowledge, its architectural heritage, its stand for freedom and good government; but if London is today the magnet of the world it is for none of these and not for all of these so much as for the majestic endurance and the undefeated spirit of its people, this unknown multitude which has so suddenly become the symbol of the eternal soul of man.

Arthur Mee

The Lonely Bungalow

George Bushell was a platelayer for many years on the Southern Railway. A plain man, he lived simply all his life, and long after the death of his wife kept a lonely house at Kingstone, near Canterbury. After his retirement some years ago he bought a plot of land in the village and had a bungalow built.

Now he has gone to his wife again, and it has just become known that he left his bungalow and land to Canterbury Hospital.

The Children of 1940

ACCORDING to the careful records of a foremost life assurance company, the Metropolitan of New York, the health and length of life of the children born this year have advanced perceptibly above those born at the beginning of the century.

For the purposes of comparison the diseases which attack everyone during life, and may put an end to it, are divided into acute and chronic. The acute may assail us at any age, the chronic attack in middle life or old age. Children

in their early years are particularly open to acute attack, especially in their first year, and boys are generally more susceptible than girls. But while one out of every three children born in 1900 was carried off by acute disease, there will be only one out of every six children born this year of 1940 who will be so stricken.

The mortality has been halved. Whereas 40 years ago half the number born lived to middle or old age, the number has now risen to three out of four.

STORY

We like the story of the cinema in Prague which was announcing its new films, and threw on the screen the title of its next programme: *The German Reich—A World Power*. The Nazis of Prague cheered loudly; and then the next announcement came, *For a few days only*, whereupon the Czechs of Prague began to cheer.

MICHAEL OF BIRMINGHAM

This story is true. Michael is seven and goes to school in Birmingham. He was doing something he should not do, so Teacher called him to the front and, with Michael behind her, lectured the class on behaviour.

In the meantime Michael noticed that the teacher's desk was very untidy, so he set about putting everything in order, and when Teacher had finished and turned to attend to him he looked up at her and, smiling, said, "Now, teacher, doesn't your desk look better?"

THE NEW SORT OF BOY

We hear of a small boy who puzzles his family very much by his habit of bursting into tears a minute or two after he has been scolded.

The other day his seven-year-old brother observed the youngster's eyes beginning to fill with tears long after everyone had forgotten what all the trouble was about, and said scornfully:

I know what you are; you're a delayed-action boy.

AUSTRALIA'S GAIN

Australians are very pleased with all the new industries that are being started by refugees from Austria and Czechoslovakia.

In Sydney there is a leatherette factory which is being run by an Austrian who once owned one of the biggest leatherette factories in Vienna; in another women's kid gloves are being made under the tuition of Austrian experts who teach new European methods.

But perhaps the most enterprising refugee industry is a factory which saves white-heart cherries. These have always been thought useless and allowed to drop off the trees in the great fruit-growing districts of New South Wales; now they are being crystallised and shipped to India and New Zealand.

WOOL GATHERERS

Bradford schoolchildren are being encouraged by the Board of Education to go wool gathering. Strange, but true. The children will gather wool from moorland fences, hedges, and trees against which the sheep rub themselves. They are also being encouraged to gather dandelion roots, acorns, beech-mast, and horse chestnuts for use as pig food.

BLOSSOM TIME

One of our readers in Orange, New South Wales, writes us this little note.

It is cherry blossom time here now, and the whole district is a riot of colour. No longer do Australians travel to Japan to pay homage to the snow-white feathery cherry blossom. They have only to go to their back door.

The colour scheme is a joy to behold. The blossom stretches for miles and miles. Under it is the rich green grass and buff-coloured earth, and the whole is set in a brilliant blue sky.

The 153,000 trees which are now in full bloom bring to the district each year about £80,000.

A Buttonhole Story

MR WILLIAM DIETRICH, of Bloomfield, New Jersey, arrives at his office in New York in fine fettle every morning, for he has already done a flourishing business in happiness.

Every morning for seven years this old gentleman has gone into his garden to pick a flower for his buttonhole before catching his train, and his festive air used to bring many joking remarks from his fellow travellers, one of whom remarked that it was a wonder Mr Dietrich did not bring them all a flower.

The old gentleman took him at his word, and appeared on the platform next morning with a dozen blooms! Ever after that he kept them all supplied with buttonholes, and gradually brought more and more, until from early spring to winter he found himself getting up an hour earlier to cut 80 or 100 blooms!

Mr Dietrich declares that as he passes round the flowers quite a cheerful spirit is created among the travellers, who become friendly and give up worrying about the problems of the day.

CLUCK CLUCK

A cargo of shells arrived in Montreal the other day and was received with loud clucks of approval by hens all over the Dominion. There were 2500 tons of oyster shells, destined to be used for chicken feed and in fertiliser.

SAVE THE CANNED FOOD

Although the supply of fresh fruit and vegetables is adequate, there is a considerable use of canned vegetables and fruit, some of which is imported. This leads to the waste of a good deal of fresh food.

It is unfortunate that either housewives or the fighting services should use canned food when they can have fresh supplies. Canned food remains good for an indefinite period, and should be carefully stored by the nation against emergency. The canned goods are readily stored and form an ideal stock.

A TREE DISEASE

A new way of checking the spread from tree to tree of the Dutch elm disease which threatened English elms a few years ago is to be tried.

When the disease attacks an elm it causes a discoloration of the sapwood just beneath the bark. To test trees, a half-inch hollow punch like a cheese-tasting scoop is driven into the trunk at six-inch intervals round it and samples taken. The discs of wood thus obtained are chipped into halves, and if any discoloration appears in them they are taken to a forestry laboratory to be examined for the fungus which causes the disease and rots the tree. By this means trees with symptoms of the disease can be isolated and prevented from spreading it.

THE HERO AND THE LAMB

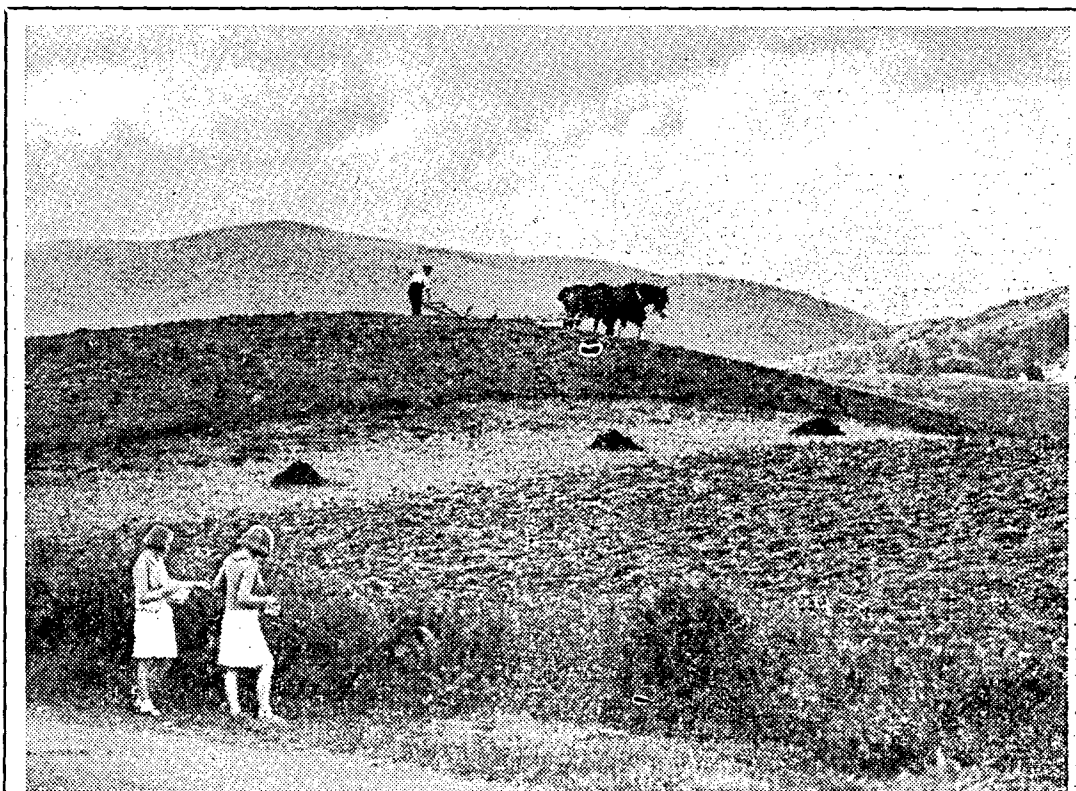
A CN reader who, like us, is a great admirer of Garibaldi sends us this little tale of the hero of Italian freedom.

It happened that one day when the General and his soldiers were travelling through a rural district in Italy they came upon a shepherd who was looking for a lost lamb. The General immediately told some of his men to help the shepherd, but when they came back hours later it was to report that they had not seen the lost one.

There was consternation in the camp that night, for the General's tent was discovered to be empty. His men went to look for him, and found him asleep in a shed near by. *By his side lay the lost lamb.* The great man had gone to look for the little one himself.

DISTRESS SIGNAL

A train came to an unexpected stop in Llano, Texas, not long ago. Looking out of the window, the conductor had seen a doe hopelessly entangled in barbed wire close to the track. He pulled the cord to stop the train, jumped out of his carriage, and released the grateful animal.



BLACKBERRYING IN WESTMORLAND

TINY VICTIMS OF THE WAR

We hear of a lady of 65 who, with the help of her two daughters, took in 700 patients the other morning in her hospital near Penzance. Brought to her by fishermen, Scouts, and Guides, they were seagulls that were in a sad state, for their feathers were drenched with oil.

Every week white-haired Mrs Yglesias looks after hundreds of such casualties in the feathered world. Sometimes they are caused by the depth charges laid by submarine chasers, which bring shoals of fish to the surface. At once the gulls swoop down on them, but when a U-boat is destroyed the sea becomes covered with oil and the birds are caught in it.

HOME FROM HOME

This is the way they do things in bombed London. High explosives having driven A and his wife and child from their own home, they were invited to an uncle's in another suburb.

The same evening uncle and aunt put on their uniforms, sallied forth as members of the Auxiliary Fire Service, and left A and family in the house. A few hours later a bomb caught the house squarely, but the visitors, snug in made-up beds under the stairs, escaped unscathed for the second time. They transferred now to the home of Z.

Uncle and aunt returned from duty in the morning to find their home gone, and with it all their clothes. But little things like that are not allowed to count for long nowadays. A and party are well and hospitably housed; aunt's wardrobe has been made good by friendly hands, and uncle, when out of uniform off duty, lords it through his parish in Z's Sunday suit.

THE GUN, THE HOUSE, AND THE STEEPLE

"I don't suppose," said Tweedledum when about to fight his duel with Tweedledee, "I don't suppose there'll be a tree left standing for ever so far round by the time we've finished."

"When once we fire these guns," remarked a gunner at a suburban post, "I don't suppose that church steeple will be left standing; the concussion will down it, and the old house down yonder."

The guns have fired many times now, and the steeple and the old house still stand. Germans got to know the guns, and during a daylight raid one of them swooped to bomb them. But it was the bomber, not the steeple or the house, that the guns brought down, and that, not by shock, but by coolly aimed shell; and it was our modern Tweedledum and his triumphant comrades who captured the Barbarian.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Prepare vacant ground for future crops. Remove all fallen and decaying leaves, and continue to hoe, weed, and stir the ground occupied by crops.

Dress the herb borders, draw earth to the stems of the cabbage tribe, and sow seeds of hardy annuals.

Lawns should be mown where the grass has a tendency to grow. Plants covering walls which require nailing should at once receive attention to prevent their being broken by high winds.

HALF-CROWN PHILOSOPHER

One of our CN readers in Canada who has taken an English mother and her five children to live with her for the duration of the war sends us this little story.

They were all discussing money matters round the tea table the other afternoon, and the mother was saying distractedly to her hostess that she simply did not know how she was going to manage without any money. The children listened gravely, and then the small voice of a five-year-old daughter piped up: "Never mind, Mummy. I have half a crown that was given to me before we left England. Here it is, and you need not worry any more!"

THE BOYS ARE SPLENDID

Everybody talks to everybody else now; never did a more cordial spirit prevail.

Three people were talking in a London street when a lady cyclist stepped off her machine to join them, strangers though they were.

She had had a rather noisy night, but wanted to tell how she derived courage from her ten-year-old son, whose spirit was marvellous.

An aunt had written suggesting that he should be sent to her in a place up North where so far they had had but a single air-raid warning since the beginning of the war. The little man would not hear of it. "I'm collecting shrapnel," he said, "and I can't let myself be beaten by Tommy. At present I've got one basketful, so I'm ahead of him, but if I went away he would get ahead of me!"

"How I wish that little story could get into the papers!" said his admiring mother, so here it is.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



IS ANYBODY THINKING OF PEACE?

MANY thoughtful people are asking (and not a bit too soon) what we are to do when the war is over and we must repair the damage done to industry, commerce, and society. The same question was asked during the Great War, when a Ministry of Reconstruction was set up. Alas, it was in vain. Mr Lloyd George, so strong and energetic in the war, failed to bring true his dreams of peace.

The conclusion of the Great War saw first a scramble for gain which caused prices to rocket, and next a desperate depression which threw millions on the rocks. After an interval of recovery came a world crisis of unparalleled severity, which ruined hundreds of millions of people. From this there was a slow recovery; but even when the Hitler War began the economic consequences of the Great War were still visible after 21 years.

We may thus learn from experience that when Peace comes we shall not be in entire possession of our own case; as a world power, largely dependent on world trade, we cannot rule all main factors of the case. The greater the need, therefore, to do everything possible in our own domestic sphere.

We do not know how long the war will last, or what means we shall possess at its conclusion to do what we wish to do. We began this war with high taxation, whereas

we began the last with low taxation. We are getting rid of wealth which in the past produced income and employment for many. The difficulties of recovery will be even greater than before; the greater must be our courage and determination to organise for peace the mighty labour power which is still in process of organisation for war.

All our energies are now being devoted to production for war—the production of trained soldiers, sailors, airmen, and the supply to these of the ten thousand materials of war. Public spending creates an illusion of prosperity. If, when peace comes, public expenditure is suddenly withdrawn without provision for reversing the machine (for restoring trade and industry to peace purposes) there will be a crisis of unemployment and poverty far more acute than before.

One thing is clear. The National Peace Government will have to shoulder the problem as its main duty; it will not do merely to set up an organisation and drop it, as before. There must be organised endeavour, conscious and deliberate planning. The building of a New Britain must go hand in hand with the making of economic agreements for the exchange of products abroad. The first is the simpler task, but difficult enough; the second is a matter in which other nations will play an unknown part.

More Old Iron

It is good to see that our energetic Minister of Supply has his eye on our derelict bridges, and we hope to see the old iron scarecrow across the Medway at Rochester come down at last.

May we beg that the Minister will write to the Dean of York to see if he has not a good cartload

of old railings that could well be spared? They are round the tomb of Archbishop Walter de Gray, who began the rebuilding of the Minster 600 years ago, and lies on one of its best monuments, spoiled by 18th century railings.

Two good things done at once is surely a temptation to a dean.

Under the Editor's Table

THE steamers between Westminster and Woolwich are being well supported. The water keeps them up.

LAST August was the driest for ten years. Its history won't be dry.

GIRLS who join the Army don't mind scrubbing floors. But they won't be Generals.

WHY doesn't war inspire great music? There is no time for playing.

A MOTHER says her boys are always wearing out their pyjamas. Sleep through anything.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If a hat is a hat when it becomes a woman

THE National Gallery lunch-time concerts take place in a basement. Music-lovers will not be let down.

WE rarely give a thought to what our clothes think about us, says a writer. Yet they are often full of us.

THE Minister of Supply was asked by a policeman for his identity card. He soon supplied it.

A LONDON highway is out of order. Something up.

BAKERS get extra pay for work during an air-raid. That is not the time for a loaf.

FIRE OVER ENGLAND

HITLER's assassins have sprinkled fire over England. Their bombs have started tracks of flame in town and country, and night and day we have seen the glow of burning.

But the troubles of these times need not blind us to the glory of Nature's autumn fire now kindling up and down the land. Copse, wood, park, garden are ablaze with glory. Summer is passing, but before the trees stand bare and black, and the outdoor world is hushed in sleep, there will yet be days of splendour.

There is purple on the moors. There is russet glowing in the valleys where the sun sets on the bracken. Sycamores like showers of gold and chestnuts in their autumn glory are dressed in fine raiment as they stand proudly in our brown and golden countryside. The oak afire with gold, the beech with its rustling brown leaves, the woods and lanes aglow, and our gardens rich with dahlias, chrysanthemums, and Michaelmas daisies, remind us that while Hitler's fires leave only ugliness behind, God's burning bushes and flaming trees are an everlasting glory.

Too Wonderful

GOD's Fools, we have been called, and Hitler surely thinks so. One of our officers, a Jew, has just swum 300 yards through a stormy sea to rescue a Nazi airman.

The Nazi stands for oppression and torture of the Jewish race. He came prepared to bomb a hospital. He may have turned his machine-gun on to helpless refugees. And one of our Jewish officers risks his life to save him.

Truly there are some things too wonderful for words, as even Shakespeare found.

INVITATION

WE must be grim and gay. A hostess was overheard to say the other day:

Do come and spend an air raid in our shelter. Any time the warning sounds you are sure to find us in.

Hippo Takes a Bath

TOO often we find the water turned off in these days, though always it comes back soon.

An old friend of ours, Mr Kilburn Scott, whose engineering genius has carried him all over the world reminds us of a time when the water supply stopped in East Africa, where a hydro-electrical plant had a small concreted head-race above the pipeline. One night the lights failed owing to lack of water, and an engineer was sent to investigate.

He found a hippopotamus squatting snugly in the head-race, having a comfortable bath!

NOW

GOD help us all, whate'er befall, No matter where or when, To do the right, endure or fight, And quit ourselves like men.

H. L. G.

JUST AN IDEA

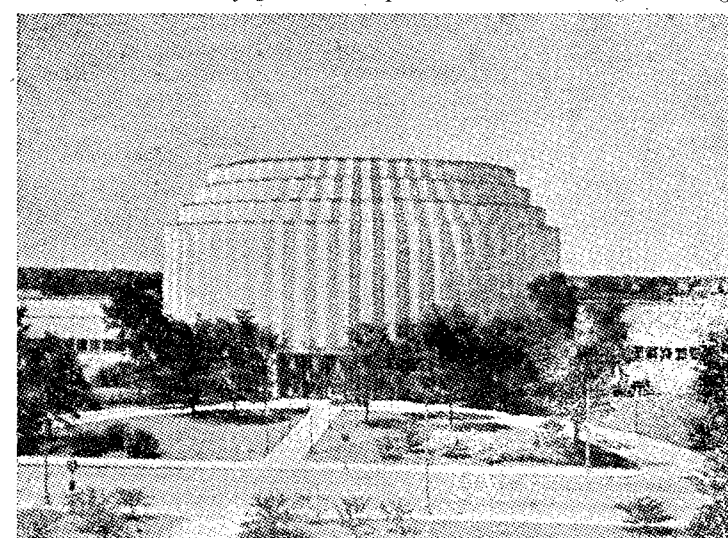
That is a comforting saying in these days—that he who chooses God as his guide will never lose his way, even in the dark.

Mass Production I MR FORD AND

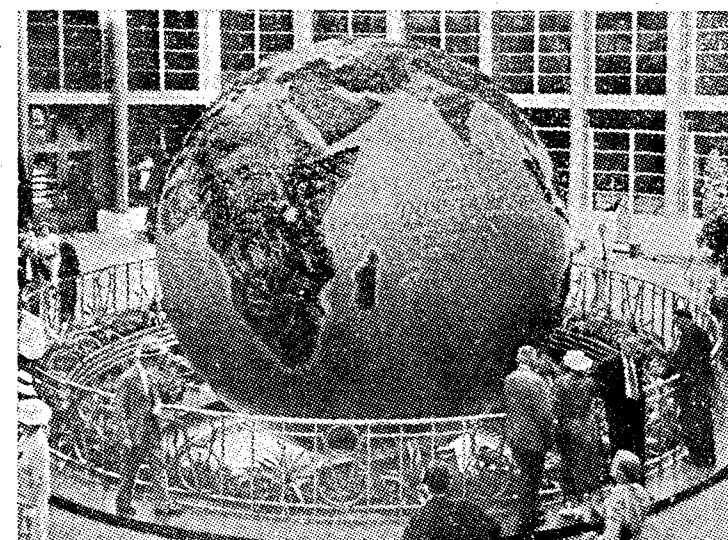
THE assembly line at the Ford Factory near Detroit is like nothing in the world so much as a Walt Disney film, writes a Travelling Correspondent. Here the 15,000 parts of a Ford V8 fall into place as if by magic, while the endless belts move on. Every 38 seconds

handicrafts and make robots of men; but to its credit we must count the fact that it has made the plain man Master of Space.

The fleet of ships, the 100 miles of railway, the furnaces, foundries, and factories making up this great plant on the River Rouge, covering



The great white Rotunda at the gateway to the Ford works. Here visitors are received



The Court of the World in the Rotunda, with a giant Globe

a completed car runs off the end of the line ready to be tested and sold.

Amazing monument to man's ingenuity though it is, this assembly line and all that it stands for has done more than any other one thing in our time: to drive out the old

12,000 acres and employing 80,000 men, are the outcome of an application of common sense to the problem in hand so perfect as to seem marvellous. Mr Ford's politics may be crazy, but his power of producing is really miraculous.

The Senator Undefeated

FOR a quarter of a century Senator Ashurst of Arizona has been a familiar figure in the United States Senate. His political opinions have carried so much weight that there is hardly an empty seat when he rises to speak. The other day he was defeated for re-election, and rose and announced his defeat in these fine words:

I am sure some of you would like to have me describe the sensation which comes to one in defeat. I hope you may never experience it, but I commend it to you.

The first half-hour you imagine that the earth has slipped from beneath your feet and that the stars above your head have paled and faded, and in your heart you wonder how the Senate will do without you, and how the

country will get along without you.

But within another hour there comes a peace and a joy to be envied by the world's greatest philosopher. When you are here worrying about patronage I shall possibly be enjoying the ecstasy of the starry stillness of an Arizona desert night, or enjoying the scarlet glory of her blossoming cactus; and possibly I may be wandering through the petrified forest in Arizona, a forest which lived the green millenniums of use and immortality seven million years ago.

Enjoyment, ecstasy, arises in the human life from the contemplation and appreciation of such things.

looks at the Past ALL HIS WORKS

Iron ore on a Ford ship docking in the slip here at breakfast-time on Monday can pass through the blast furnace and be converted either into the 47 types of steel required for one car by the open-hearth furnaces, or into castings by the foundry, and thence, treated either by the steel mills, the press shop, and body plant, or by the machine shop and the motor-building department, issue as bodies and motors for cars to be driven off the assembly line on Tuesday at lunch-time.

Half a million visitors a year come to see this marvel of man's ingenuity. There have been 10,000 visitors in one day.

The Simpler Ways

One is at once struck by the remarkable cleanliness of the whole place. How is it possible? This question pleases the guide. He points to the chimney stack on the cement plant. Normally that stack would discharge 40 tons of fine particles into the air every day, but a filtering device has been fitted. This filter gives up material which is turned into 250 barrels of cement every day. A good thing too, for there is a staff of 5000 cleaners to be paid and nearly 10,000 mops and new brooms to be bought every month.

But, marvellous as all this is, the simpler ways of earlier days had a value and a beauty, perhaps even a stimulus, such as we miss in a highly mechanised way of life.

Thus, in the midst of the most remarkable industrial complex of the modern world, we see the heart of Henry Ford, its creator, yearning after much that it tends to deny and destroy. A few miles from the great Ford factory on the River Rouge, in a smiling countryside, Henry Ford is creating a beautiful thing to show the public that his mass production is not the true end of life. In Greenfield Village he is constructing a living memorial to fine craftsmanship.

Here, in a peaceful setting typical of an earlier day, old crafts are encouraged and kept alive; here a museum does honour to the beautiful furniture which graced American homes in Colonial days, every line and curve expressing the spirit of its creator, none of it mass-produced.

The village itself, begun 12 years ago and still incomplete, is a sort of living museum of American folkways. As typical old buildings have been condemned to make way for

modernity Mr Ford has bought them and had them removed to his village. The old-fashioned inn and the brick school facing each other across the green originally served in other parts of the same State, but the Logan County Court House, where Abraham Lincoln practised law for eight years, was brought from Illinois, and the slave-huts that stand in its shadow came from "way down South" in Georgia.

The Little Glass House which was once the photographic studio of the great inventor Thomas Edison, where his first successful lamp bulb was blown, has been brought from New Jersey and set up in a replica of Edison's Menlo Park workshops, home of many of the discoveries that influence our life today. Edison is one of Henry Ford's heroes, and this village is dedicated to his memory.

The dwelling-houses are typical of America's past. There is the home of Edison's grandfather, the home of Noah Webster of dictionary fame, the birthplace of Luther Burbank the plant wizard, and the log cabin where William McGuffey (who wrote school books for many generations of young Americans) was born. A recent addition is the house in which the Wright brothers grew up.

The Wright Workshop

Next door is a still more interesting place, the shop from Dayton in Ohio where the Wright brothers manufactured bicycles and made their first plane. Every effort is being made to trace the tools and machines they used and to replace them where they once stood.

It is a beautiful thing that Mr Ford has undertaken here—a thing that needed doing. To the millions of visitors who go to see how his cars are made he says, in effect, "Be not too impressed by these modern mechanical wonders; halt, look, listen, and remember: the world of yesterday was like this, simpler, often more beautiful, more affectionate, more appealing—and it produced great men."

We can almost hear him saying: "Buy my cars by the millions and travel in them to your work, to your homes, and on your holidays, but don't drive too fast, don't take the wrong turning, don't follow after the false gods of speed. With the new freedom I give you be sure that you demand and help to create values as rich, as deep, as genuine as those your grandparents knew."

THY WORK IS THINE

O THOU . . . rejoice with liberal joy,
Lift up thy rocky face,
And shatter, when the storms are black,
In many a streaming torrent back,
The seas that shock thy base!

Whatever harmonies of law
The growing world assume,
Thy work is thine. The single note
From that deep chord which
Hampton smote
Will vibrate to the doom.

Tennyson

The Prayer of Cardinal Newman

LORD, I give myself to Thee, I trust Thee wholly. Thou art wiser than I, more loving to me than I myself. Deign to fulfil Thy high purposes in me whatever they be; work in and through me. I am born to serve Thee. Let me be Thy blind instrument. I ask not to see; I ask not to know; I ask simply to be used.

I THANK THEE, GOD

I THANK Thee, God, for this:
The night with Thee beside us,
And the bright morning light
With Thee to guide us.

The Man Who is Free

WHO is free? The wise man, lord over himself, who fears not poverty nor death nor prison bonds, who is no slave to passion, a despiser of worldly honours—complete in himself, no outside thing can turn his will; against him Fortune herself makes her attack in vain.

Horace

God Keep You, Bird-Man

GOD keep you, Bird-man, in your plane
Up there!
Your wings upbear, your heart sustain!
Give you good flight and oversight,
And bring you safe to earth again!

John Oxenham

THE IRREPARABLE THING

THE want of goods is easily repaired; but the poverty of the soul is irreparable.

Montesquieu

From One Doing Forest Work in Wartime

WAR, which has brought to others fear,
Pain, sorrow, slavery, and death,
To me has brought what I held dear
And longed for but could not possess.
It has given me wide stretch of sky,
The sailing clouds, the wind's sharp breath,
A roof of leaves, the wild flower's eye,
Bird's song, all woodland's loveliness,
Health, vigour, deep content, and faith
That at its source our stream runs clear.

What have I done? I never meant
To be a wartime profiteer!

Hebe Jerrold

Man Passes Himself By

MEN go abroad to admire the heights of mountains, the mighty billows of the sea, the broad tides of rivers, the compass of the ocean, and the circuit of the stars, and yet pass themselves by.

Saint Augustine



CARRY ON

LIBERTY WAS BOUGHT WITH A VERY GREAT PRICE

LIBERTY has been bought with a great price. Trace it along the centuries; mark the prisons where captives for it pined; mark the graves to which victims for it went down despairing; mark the fields whereon its heroes battled; mark the seas whereon they fought; mark the exile to which they fled; mark the burned spots where men gave up the ghost in torture to vindicate the integrity of their souls; add sufferings which have found no record, and imagine, if you can, the whole. Liberty has cost more than all these.

Is there value for the cost? Consult the purchaser. Awaken from the prisons those who have perished in them, and from the graves those broken-hearted by oppression. Call from the field of blood those who chose death rather than bonds. Invoke from the caverns of the deep those whom the ocean swallowed in braving the invader. Summon back from exile those who

sank unseen in savage wilds. Pray for those to come once more to earth who bore testimony to the truth in agony.

Then you will marshal a host of witnesses which no man can number. All these, aforesaid, through manifold afflictions, maintained even unto death the cause of Liberty. Inquire if they repent? Ask them if the boon which they have given us was worthy of the sufferings with which they bought it?

Ask the speakers who proclaimed freedom, the thinkers who made law for it, the reformers who purified it, if that for which they toiled was worth the labour they spent?

"It was," all will exclaim with triumphant note. "It was" will come with glad consent, with one glad Amen, from this glorious company of apostles, this goodly fellowship of prophets, this noble band of martyrs. Henry Giles

Lady Clara Vere de Vere

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE,
Of me you shall not win renown:
You thought to break a country heart
For pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired:
The daughter of a hundred earls,
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
A heart that doats on truer charms.

A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find,
For were you queen of all that is
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Tennyson

Three Cheers for Sergeant

Official reports are usually dull reading, but when they are about men like Sergeant Britz of the South-West African Police, they are exciting enough to make the Union House of Assembly at Cape Town sit up and take notice.

This story of a real Sanders of the River has just been submitted to the Minister of Native Affairs in whose Department he now works.

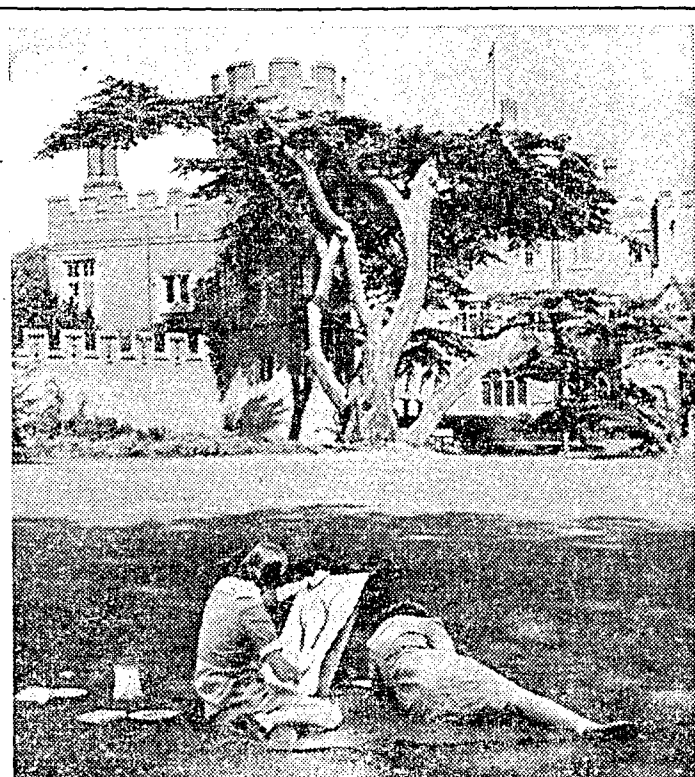
For the last ten years Sergeant Britz has ruled over 10,000 natives in the swampy district of the Caprivi Corridor. With his wife and their three children he has lived in a thatched house on the banks of the Zambezi River, up which native canoes wend their way to Barotseland.

If his wife wanted to do any shopping she had to travel five days by motor-boat to Livingstone. The jungle was almost on the doorstep,

and the sergeant's children were so used to seeing elephants, rhinoceros, hippos, and giraffes roaming round that they would have been bored stiff in a zoo!

The sergeant had to discourage smuggling and poaching and to see that the natives did not hunt big game. He was policeman, magistrate, and adviser to this primitive tribe, who held him in great respect and affection. Such a responsible and adventurous position could only be held by a man of unusual character, and it is good to know that Sergeant Britz is no longer a forgotten man in the heart of Africa.

After having slaved all these years for very little money he has been given a new job with the Department of Native Affairs. The real Sanders of the River has had his reward.



The beautiful mansion of the Earl of Sandwich, Hinchbrook, near Huntingdon, is the wartime home of girls from Highbury High School. Two of the girls are here seen sketching the house.

How We Sleep

In these trying days our habits of sleep may be rudely broken, and the question many ask is not how long they slept but how often they woke up.

Dr Nathaniel Kleitman, who lately published his important work on sleep and wakefulness, noted that there are 12 positions taken up by the body in sleep, and there may be as many as 33 changed ones in a single night's sleep. Many Londoners would be inclined to declare there are more.

The principal positions according to Dr. Kleitman are all on the sides with the arms above the shoulders and hands and fingers disposed as if to grasp something. That may be

a survival from our very early ancestors. A number of people sleep with their knees bent upwards, fewer with legs straightened out, and fewer still on their backs with arms by their sides. That position is usually a sign of illness, though it is readily adopted by infants.

Dr Kleitman has some interesting notes on the sleeping positions of horses. There are four: standing up with head free or with the head on a manger, and lying down on their bellies or their sides. The first two positions are taken up in light sleep, the last two when sleeping deeply, and all horses lie down once a day.



HATE

One Thousand MPH

WHILE men speed and the aim of our fliers is to reach 500 mph for long distances, the earth on which we live and fly is speeding twice as fast as that. But while men fly faster and faster the earth spins slower and slower.

The slowing-down is so slow that we can hardly perceive it in a thousand or a million years, but certain it is that, however fast man goes, the earth itself will never go faster.

Astronomers declare that the length of our day has not always been the same, nor will it remain as it is now. A day on Venus is equal to 69 of our hours. Long ago the earth turned on its axis in ten or twelve hours, so that there were two or more days in the period now represented by 24 hours. That must have been millions of years ago, for, as far as can be determined from observation, the rotation of the earth on its axis takes practically the same time now as when the shepherds watched the stars near Bethlehem.

By comparing the times of eclipses now with the times of eclipses in the past, as shown by ancient records, it is clear that the day has not changed by even as much as a hundredth part of a second since the time of Ptolemy, who lived in the second century after Christ.

Earth Slowing Down

Yet men of science know that the earth must be slowing down at an infinitesimally slow rate. There are two principal reasons for this. The sun and moon cause tides in the oceans, and these, by the friction they assert, act as a brake on the globe and retard its rotation. Then a very large number of meteors fall on the earth's surface every year, so that slowly but surely, our planet is getting heavier, which means that its mass increases, and its rotation, therefore, slows down, owing to its growing weight. Sir Isaac Newton estimated that about ten million meteors fall to the earth every 24 hours. They do not all reach us in solid form, for most of them are burned up in the atmosphere; but they form part of the earth and add to its mass.

These two forces now working to lengthen the day are counteracted to some extent by the cooling and shrinking of the earth, which as it grows smaller increases its pace. Elaborate calculations have shown that if the entire globe decreased in heat by only a fiftieth part of one degree Centigrade the earth's diameter would shrink by over two yards, and this would mean a decrease of a 75th part of a second in the length of the day. But the forces now slowing down the earth more than counteract the speeding-up caused by shrinkage.

Day Growing Longer

It will be seen, therefore, that though the day is growing longer, and may in distant ages be twice as long as a month is now, neither we nor our descendants to the hundredth generation will be able to detect any appreciable difference.

When the day is as long as a month the moon will appear stationary to the people of the earth, neither rising nor setting. At that time there will be on earth a fortnight of daylight followed by a fortnight of darkness, which is what now happens on the moon, for the moon rotates on its axis in exactly the same time as it takes to go round the earth, and the result is that we see always the same side of the moon.

At one time, millions of years ago, the moon must have revolved much more rapidly than now, but the earth, having greater attractive power, acted as a brake and slowed it down, exactly as the moon, on a smaller scale, acts as a brake on the earth by causing the tides.

THE PIE DISH

The call for scrap metal to feed the guns has reached Denby Dale in Yorkshire, and the village fathers, having decided to make a great sacrifice in the name of peace, are giving the nation a pie dish.

It does not sound impressive, but the pie dish is weighty. It is made of iron, and is so big that it has more than once held a pie for a thousand people.

THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. When we talked of useful things being beautiful, you said it was just as true with Nature as with Art. Please tell me about that.

Man. Use and Beauty go together with a tree as with a ship. For many people there is no more lovely thing than a tree, and its loveliness arises from its functions. The branches did not arrive at their beauty for show; they spread themselves out to the sun like banners, so that the leaves they bear may breathe freely. The leaves themselves we deem beautiful, and their beauty is due to their abounding usefulness; they are the lungs and laboratories of the tree. They have pores which breathe in carbon dioxide from the air, so that the carbon may be built up, with the water and salts drawn in from the tree's roots, into plant substance. These pores breathe out any oxygen not needed by the plant.

Boy. That is the opposite of what our lungs do!

Man. Yes; we breathe in oxygen and breathe out carbon dioxide. The thin green leaf is really a very composite structure. We look at it and say, How beautiful, but with knowledge we can add, How useful.

Boy. The flower always seems more wonderful than the leaf.

Man. And so it is, but there would be no blossom if the leaves did not build up the plant. As for the flower, I expect you have learned how its colour, fragrance, and honey attract insects, which by carrying

STAY PUT
and
STICK IT

pollen fertilise the flower and cause seed to develop. So it is true that the beauties of the flower are necessary if plant life is to continue.

Boy. Yes, I understand that, but there is something about it that puzzles me. Why do the insects that fly to the flowers think them beautiful? Why are their tastes the same as our own?

Man. Now you touch on mysteries. Why, indeed, do we think a thing beautiful, and why do birds and insects apparently share our tastes? The Red Admiral butterfly seems proud of his wings, as he displays them in the sun, and his mate evidently likes them. We can only suppose that long years of evolution have planted in him, as in us, an instinctive liking for what is lovely and useful. The attraction floral perfume has for insects may be partly explained by its suggestion of the presence of delightful food.

Boy. I have often thought how strange it is that good food has always a good colour and smell.

Man. These things are subtle. Just as Use and Beauty are one, so Health goes with them. When there is something wrong with a man he looks ill. When food is bad it looks bad. When artificial substances are introduced into food our eyes tell us that there is something wrong. As for the general question of why we judge a thing to be beautiful, we can only reply with the poet:

Enough that soul and sense, transcending mind,
In loveliness should truth and goodness find.

Thinking Out Films 50 Years Ago

A MYSTERY IN THE HOUR OF TRIUMPH

It is just fifty years since the mysterious disappearance of a man who, had he lived, must have been famous as one of the founders of the cinema. It is a story of much interest to all who go to the pictures and all who are moved by the unhappy fate which so often overtakes the inventor.

The man we are thinking of is Augustin Le Prince, a French army officer who went through the Siege of Paris; but he was also a born artist and an intimate friend of Louis Daguerre, one of the pioneers of photography. It happened that he met the organiser of the first Earl's Court Exhibitions, who invited him to join his firm at Leeds, and Le Prince settled down in the city with his wife, starting a school of applied art in Park Square.

Some years before this Le Prince had been in New York, where he had interested himself in motion pictures, and had patented a camera with many lenses for the purpose of taking photographs in sequence. It was one night in 1885 that his daughter opened the door of his room and found him with a mechanic throwing dim figures on to a white wall, the first moving pictures seen in America.

The First Moving Pictures

While in Leeds he started a workshop at 160 Woodhouse Lane, and there developed his multiple cameras, taking pictures in the gardens of Oakwood Grange, Roundhay, and on Leeds Bridge. This would be about the same time as Friese-Greene was taking moving pictures at Hyde Park Corner; they were very near each other in time with their experiments, and both are undoubted founders of the cinema industry.

Mrs Joseph Whitley, of Oakwood Grange, was probably the first English woman to be seen in a moving picture, and she died on October 24, 1888. Le Prince took other pictures at the same time, showing the moving traffic on Leeds Bridge, with the tram horses passing over it; a workman said

you could even see the smoke coming out of a man's pipe as he lounged on the bridge.

The cameras with which Le Prince made his experiments are now in the Science Museum at South Kensington. They were a great success, but there were difficulties with the projecting machine, and it was not until 1890 that Le Prince came into his workshop with great delight to announce that the last difficulty was being solved by the arrival of the celluloid film, and that he had decided to go to New York to show moving pictures there. Before sailing he went to France to see to some business and to say goodbye to his brother at Dijon. His brother saw him off at the station on his way to Paris on September 16, 1890, but from that moment nobody knows what happened to this clever man.

Leeds Pays Tribute

He disappeared from the knowledge of the world, and the most prolonged inquiries have thrown no light on the mystery. He was a gentle and considerate man, tranquil and unperturbed through all difficulties. He was about six feet five in his shoes, and as he was great in stature he would have been great in fame but for the mysterious tragedy of his disappearance in the very hour of his success.

It is pleasant to remember that the achievements of this Frenchman working in Yorkshire have been recorded in the city he made his own. Mr Kilburn Scott, the well-known engineer and lecturer, met Mrs Le Prince some years ago in New York, and on hearing her story declared that he would have a tablet set up in Leeds paying tribute to her husband's work. He kept his word, and the tablet is now on the site of the old workshop in which the films were so nearly born, at 160 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds, now a garage. The tablet is of bronze and was unveiled by the Lord Mayor in honour of an adopted son of whom Leeds has every reason to be proud.

Roof Camping in Manhattan

WHOOPS of glee coming from a rooftop startled New Yorkers the other day, and peering up they saw what appeared to be Red Indians dancing round a fire.

But there was really nothing to get alarmed about. The prancing figures were on the roof of the Madison Square Boys Club, which has just been made into a camp. With a little imagination boys who cannot afford to go to country camps pretend they are roughing it in the wilds. They sleep in tents surrounded by evergreens; they watch carp swimming in a little lake. Most exciting of all, they learn the secrets of Indian Scouting from

a real live Indian, Swift Eagle of the Tai Wah tribe of New Mexico.

Since the camp was opened a few weeks ago several hundred boys have followed a regular camp routine on the roof-top. The lads, who are from 4 to 16, have the time of their lives roasting potatoes over the fire at night while they listen to the thrilling tales of Swift Eagle, sleeping under the stars, and then cooking their own breakfast over the fire in the morning. There is room for twelve lads in the tents, and each boy is allowed to stay one night only. The camp is to be kept open all year round.

The Steeple Coming Down to Go Up

MONTREAL'S Anglican Cathedral has been a sorry sight since its old stone spire was taken down ten years ago.

"It's too bad that there is no steeple," said a member of the congregation to the verger not long ago; "how much would it cost to build a new one?" "About 50,000 dollars," was the reply; and without more ado the gentleman took a cheque-book from his pocket and wrote out an order for

that sum, asking only that his name should be kept secret.

And so Montrealers are delighted to see a fine steeple descending—yes, not rising but descending, for it is being built from the top down. Although it will look exactly like the old one, it is being made of cast aluminium plates on a steel frame. It is believed to be the first time that aluminium has been used in the place of stone in a church steeple.

THE GREAT SIGHTS OF EGYPT

2. Pharaoh Sleeps in the Mountains: By Arthur Mee

Across the Nile from Luxor, in the heart of the mountains rising from the sand, is Biban-el-Muluk, the lonely place where Pharaoh slept forgotten, the solemn theatre of death that has no parallel in all the earth. The Pyramids are ordinary, Westminster Abbey is as a toy, compared with these amazing sleeping-rooms of Pharaoh, cut hundreds of yards deep into the solid rocks, with painted corridors like palace walls, and a silence undisturbed for centuries.

Thirty Centuries Ago

An hour's ride in the desert reveals the valley of the tombs. Here Pharaoh came to sleep when to him Egypt was no more. Here he slept in peace while Archimedes invented the lever and Hero his engine, while the men of Athens listened to the moving words of Socrates and the earnest appeals of Paul. Here Pharaoh slept while Antony read out the will of Caesar in the Forum, while Rome became an empire and decayed, while the Angles and the Saxons built up England, and while, through all these centuries, Freedom built her temple in our island home. All through these ages Pharaoh slept. Men talked of the lost kings of Egypt, and no man knew where Pharaoh was.

And then the world saw Pharaoh once again. He was sleeping in these hills, and I have seen him as his people left him thirty centuries ago.

Hundreds of feet down in the hills he lies, in the securest fastness ever made on earth. Climb to the top of these hills and roam about for miles. Out there the White Nile runs. Beyond it are the gigantic ruins of Karnak, all that is left of Thebes in its glory. There Pharaoh lived in his great palaces; beneath your feet he slept while Karnak crumbled into dust. There rose his mighty palaces for all the world to see—unrivalled structures such as architects in these days hardly dare to think of; but in these hills, hundreds of feet below you, are miles of chiselled corridors, with painted chambers approached through golden doors, as stupendous an achievement as Karnak itself, but all unguessed for ages.

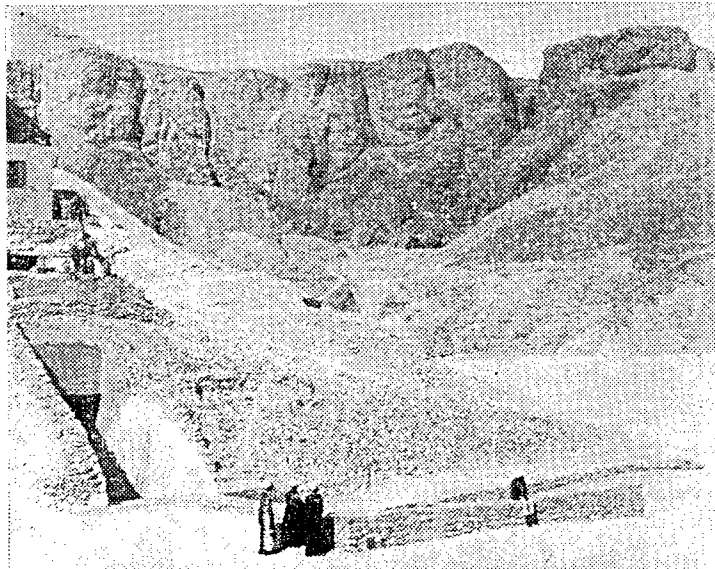
In spacious chambers fit for kings to live in, the kings of Egypt lay in their coffins here. Think of all the solemn places where leaders of men have been laid, and for the stillness that can be felt, for the solemnity befitting life's last sleep, for an imagination that has in it poetry and music and terror and prayer and strength: none of them can compare with the valley in which three ancient dynasties of Pharaohs slept.

Decorating the Tomb

We must think of life as these kings thought of it if we would understand why they came here. They did not come to die. They slept in their great palaces across the Nile, and came to

these hills to wake. They knew man was not made to perish in the dust, and when a king's work here was done his people took him to a place fit for a king to wake in, fit for the dawn of immortality. We do not think much of these splendours now, but are we sure that our reverence is greater than theirs? Can we despise the faith that was so sure of waking up from death that it prepared a place to wake in, and food and

rounded with writings in praise of the sun. We move down a stairway, with scores of figures of the sun-god on the walls and kneeling figures at the bottom. Through a corridor painted with the journey of the boat of the sun, drawn by seven gods and seven goddesses, we come to a chamber in which the king is pictured among his gods. Through this is a hall with a roof supported by four columns, and on the walls are pictured



The Valley of the Kings

hospitality for the bringers of new life?

The mysterious powers that sway the universe moved the Egyptians deeply, and their gods were very real to them. Their monuments, the pillars of their palaces, the walls of their temples, and the corridors of their tombs, are covered with their patient picture-writing in praise of the sun, in the extolling of good deeds, and in the acknowledgment of all manner of duties to the gods. A king would begin his tomb on beginning his reign, and the longer he reigned the more elaborate his tomb would be. The Great Pyramid was one man's tomb, and we may measure by that the solemn dignity with which they prepared a home for man's immortal soul. We see it even better here, however, in these tombs in the Valley of the Kings, where, from the year 1580 B.C. to the year 1090 B.C., the rulers of Egypt were laid to rest.

The Journey of the Sun

Each king has his own tomb, cut deep in the limestone hills behind the plain of Thebes. Starting from an entrance almost hidden from the eye, the excavation would be carried on for a hundred feet, two hundred feet, or three hundred feet, this way, that way, up and down, with little chambers on this side and that, and hidden exits through the floor, until at last they reached the place where a king might lie. Let us imagine we have entered one of these great tombs.

We pass the figure of the king standing before a god, sur-

the journey of the sun through the Underworld and figures representing the four great groups of mankind. Out of this hall opens another pillared room, but it leads to nowhere, and its purpose was perhaps to deceive intruders. The right way out of the pillared hall is down a stairway hidden in the floor, and it leads us to another corridor, with statues of kings painted on its walls, and to another room in which the king is worshipping the gods. Beyond this at last is the burial hall.

The roof is upheld by six painted pillars, with vaulted arches decorated with suns and stars. On the walls are pictures of the sun's journey, the twelve hours of darkness, and a sacred cow standing across the heavens, with the stars and planets spread under her. There are little recesses and passages, and an ante-room with a shelf running round it, on which things used at the funeral were placed.

A Sculptured Sarcophagus

In the centre of the burial-hall is a huge sarcophagus, a sculptured work of great magnificence. There is one in London now, which thousands pass every day and only hundreds see every year. It is the coffin of Seti the First, engraved in pure alabaster, with picture writing all over it, and in the bottom the angel of death spreading out her arms, waiting to receive the dead king. It was found in these hills a hundred years ago, and brought to the old house of John Soane in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

It is hard to know, as we walk amazed through these incredible

tombs, what it is that impresses us most. We think of the faith behind it all, centuries before the birth of Christ. We think of the work of these artists, centuries before the days of Greece; and we think of the stupendous physical labour that these immense tombs involved.

There was no electric power for the men who did these mighty works; they were done mainly with the tools of the Stone Age, and finished, no doubt, with copper chisels.

Slave Labour

The diggers and builders of the monument were slaves, and behind them was a whip lest the tomb should not be ready for the king. How they got light as they penetrated deeper and deeper into the heart of the mountain nobody knows. It is thought they may have reflected sunlight from point to point with mirrors, and perhaps they used oil-lamps.

How long the kings lay undisturbed we do not know, but it must have been thousands of years. Their sleeping-place would be forgotten. We are almost sure of that, because the doors of one tomb stood open for a thousand years, and nobody went in. But the robbers came again at last. It was in the middle of the nineteenth century that two Arabs found where Pharaoh lay. It is said they came upon the tombs by chance, and for years they would steal to the valley in the dead of night and carry off the treasure. They spread their loot all over the world, and the world became suspicious. The Government of Egypt watched these men and sent down a hundred soldiers, but the secret of the Pharaohs was in obstinate keeping. It was with Abderasol, the donkey-boy, and he loved his treasure well. They bastinadoed him, they threw him into gaol, but his secret was fast; it is said that one member of his family died from the tortures that could not draw the secret from him.

Abderasol's Secret

It was Edward the Seventh, in the days when he was Prince of Wales, who intervened and saved the situation. Abderasol had been his donkey-boy, and when the Government set him free to please the prince the Arab sold his secret for two hundred pounds. Then Abderasol took the soldiers to a tunnel which led to a room packed with mummies of lost kings, and the Government got over fifty Pharaohs for less than four pounds apiece.

It was not safe to leave the kings as they lay now that the tombs were known, for the kings were buried in treasure and the doors and walls were glittering with gold. For two days officials of the Government of Egypt stood at the doors of the tombs receiving the Pharaohs and their treasure from the mountain fastnesses. They were carried across the sands by the way they had come three thousand years before, they were loaded on the boats and carried down the Nile to Cairo, and it is said to have been a pathetic sight to watch the peasants gathered on the river-banks to see the kings go by, and to hear the mournful music of the people wailing in memory of their mighty dead.

TO BE CONTINUED

BEDTIME CORNER

Billy's Day Out

Jim's Billy was not the only goat on Aunt Ethel's little farm. There were quite a number of them, but Billy had been Jim's favourite from the moment he had caught sight of him.

The only thing that troubled him was that his pet was never allowed to run about free like the other animals. It seemed a shame to Jim, who knew how he would feel if he had to spend his days tethered to a bit of rope.

One morning he went up to Billy's rope and, after a lot of trouble, managed to unfasten it. The little creature was off like the wind. Flinging up his heels, he scampered across the meadow, through the big gate, and on to the moor.

Jim chuckled as he went back to the house for his

dinner, and then forgot all about him.

After dinner Aunt Ethel went out to see how the baby chickens were doing. She glanced over at the garden—and gave a cry.

"My roses!" she cried. "Be off!"

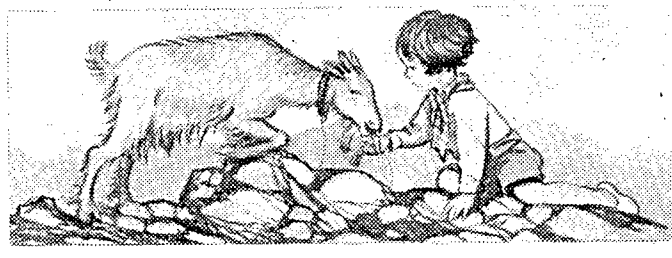
There was a scuffle and the sound of breaking twigs, and Jim ran out, just in time to see the hind legs of his favourite pet disappearing over the hedge.

Jim looked round. There was hardly a flower to be seen.

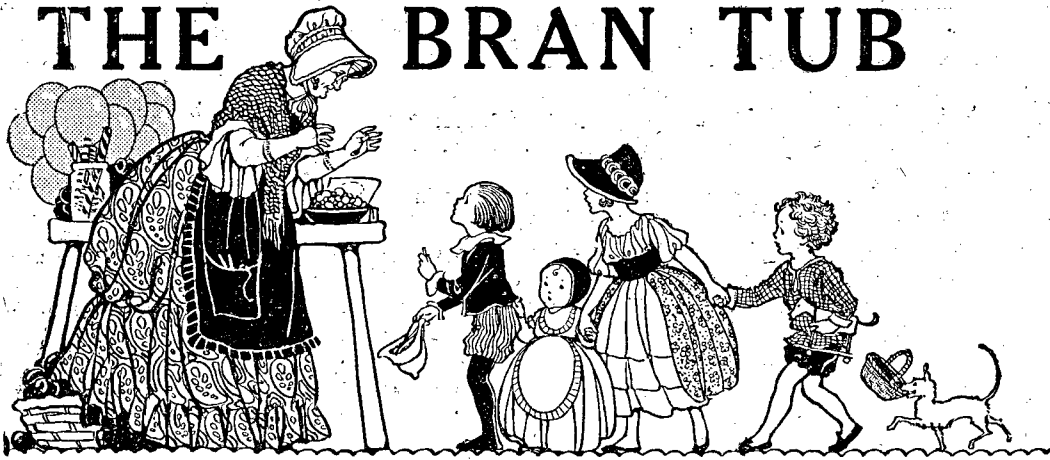
"That wretched Billy!" moaned Aunt Ethel. "He's ruined my garden. Who could have let him loose?"

"Me," answered Jim, in a small voice.

So that was why the mischievous little things were kept tied up. At last he understood. Naughty Billy!



THE BRAN TUB



Can He?

A CANNER, exceedingly canny,
One morning remarked to his
granny:
"A canner can can
Anything that he can;
But a canner can't can a can, can
he?"

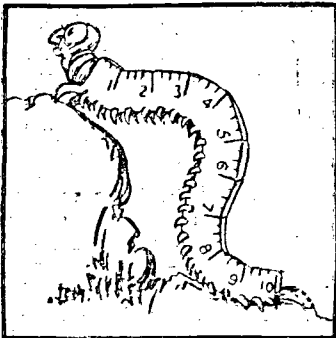
Jumbled Rivers

WHEN the letters in the following
jumbled words are arranged
in their proper order they will spell
the names of eight English rivers.
Can you find out what they are?

NEVERS WENDY
SYREEM LEDNAWL
SHEMAT TREWDEN
TRAPTER MEHRUB

Answer next week

A Queer Creature



A GIRL answering a question in the
natural history class said:
"A centipede is a French measure
of length."

How Sir Philip Sidney Wrote His Name
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, scholar, poet,
soldier, the perfect knight of
English history, died on October 17,
1586, from a wound received some
days earlier at the Battle of Zutphen
while helping to free Holland from
the tyranny of Spain. Even when
mortally wounded he gave up a
precious cup of water to relieve a
poor soldier suffering more grievously
than he. This is how he
wrote his name:

Philippe Sidney.

Ici on Parle Français

A Dog and His Friend

A London boy tells this story of
his clever dog.

My dog Jack always calls at
his friend's house in the morning
about the time when Spot is let
out, and they go hunting together
in a wood.

One day Jack came back alone to
Spot's house. Spot's master
happened to be at home, and, as
Spot did not come back, he followed
Jack till they came to a hole where
Jack stopped and looked up, as
much as to say, "That is where
Spot is."

So they got a pole from a cottage
near and managed to get hold of
Spot's collar and pull him out. If
he had been there much longer he
would probably have been suffo-
cated.

Tastes Differ

MOLLY's famished little tabby
Lapped her milk and quenched
her thirst,
Ate her fish, and, choking, mur-
mured,
"Bones, of all things, are the worst!"

Molly's hungry little Towser
Ate his dinner, said with zest,
"Biscuit's good, and scraps are
better,
But, of all things, bones are best!"

A Helpful Game

HERE is a jolly game which will
help boys and girls to become
sure of the points of the compass.
The players should face North,
when East will be on the right,
West on the left, South behind,
and so on.

Somebody who is certain of his
compass should stand apart from
the other players and call out
various points. Should he call
East all players must jump smartly
round to face the East, or if it is
West then they must jump round
to West. Those who face the wrong
direction must fall out, and the
winner is the last man left in.

As a test of the alertness of the
players North should sometimes be
called, when, of course, all players
should remain still.

A Puzzle in Rhyme

My first is in shovel but not in
spade,
My second's in plunder but not in
raid,
My third is in brilliant but not in
bright,
My fourth is in darkness but not in
light,
My fifth is in pastel but not in chalk,
My sixth is in question but not in
talk,
My seventh's in stumble but not in
fall,
My eighth is in steamer but not in
yawl,
My ninth is in zealous but not in
skill,
My whole is an artist born in
Seville.

Answer next week

Try This

SEE if your friends can answer this
quickly. What part of three-
pence is one-third of twopenny?
A two-ninth part.

What is Music?

A PIANIST who had played a
beautiful sonata in the presence
of Dr Johnson turned to the
philosopher and asked him if he
were fond of music.

"No, madam," replied the doctor;
"but of all noises I think music
is the least disagreeable."

A Motorist's Mileage

A MAN had been on a two-days
motoring tour, and on his
return a friend asked him how
many miles he had travelled.

"Well," he replied, "the number
of miles I motored yesterday was
the number I motored the day
before with the figures reversed;
and the difference between the two
numbers is one-eleventh of their
total."

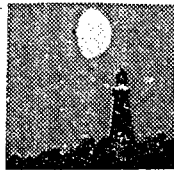
How many miles did the motorist
travel in the two days?

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Jupiter,
Saturn, and Uranus are in the

east. In the
morning Venus
is in the east.
The picture
shows the Moon
as it may be seen
at 11 o'clock on
Sunday evening,
October 13.



Zoological Meteorology

WHEN people speak of beastly
weather they probably mean
that it is raining cats and dogs.

FAME

FAME is the Dew on the Jasmine
Stalk,
Fame is the Scream of a passing
Hawk,
Fame is the Foam of the Vessel's
Keel,
Fame is a dying Thunder Peal,
Fame is the Scent on the Mountain
Moss
Left when the Musk Deer bounds
across.

EEE, III, and UUU

ONE hundred years ago Lord
Holland wrote a "Legend of
Eve," which, although it contained
more than 500 words, excluded all
the vowels but e.

Here is a verse that was included
in the legend:

Ere the green reed be red,
Sweet Eve, be never wed;
Ere be green the red cheek,
Never wed thee, Eve meek.

Many writers have endeavoured
to compose poems containing only
one vowel, the following verse
containing no other vowel but i:

Idling I sit in this mild twilight dim,
Whilst birds, in wild, swift vigils,
circling skim.
Light winds in sighing sink, till,
rising bright,
Night's virgin pilgrim swims in vivid
light.

To write a poem with u as the only
vowel is much more difficult, but
this verse is quite a good example:

Dull humdrum murmurs lull, but
hubbub stuns.
Lucullus snuffs up mush, mundun-
gus shuns.
Puss purrs, buds burst, bucks butt,
luck turns up trumps;
But full cups, hurtful, spur up unjust
thumps.

WHO DID IT?

A SCHOOLMASTER was telling a
party of friends about a funny
incident during a history lesson:

"The other day," he said, "I
asked my class who signed Magna
Carta, and a nervous little boy stood
up and said, 'Please, sir, it wasn't
me.'"

One of the party laughed loudly
at this story, and then exclaimed:
"And I shouldn't be surprised if
the little rascal hadn't done it
after all!"

Do You Live in Rochester?

THE Roman name of this place
in Kent was Durobrevis,
an old Celtic name which is said
to mean "fort at the bridges."
The Anglo-Saxon name, however,
was Hrofesceaster, which in the
Domesday Book became Roues-
cestre, and in Chaucer's time
Rowchestre.

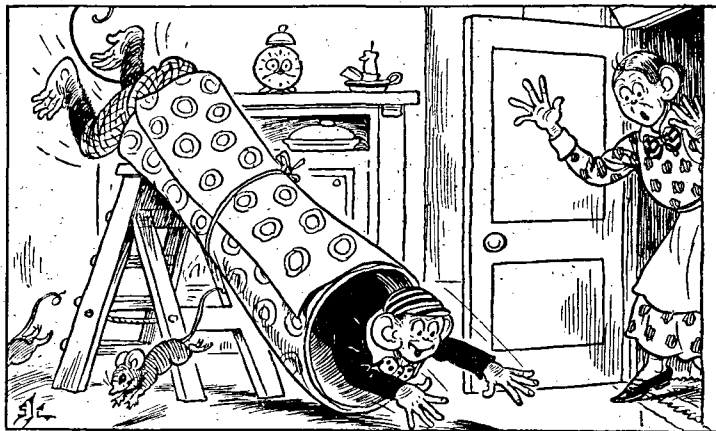
According to Bede the place
was the chester, or camp, of a
settler named Hrof; hence the
name ought to be pronounced
Ro-chester and not Roch-ester, as
though it were the chester on a rock.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Arithmetical Problem
The number of
screws was 219,978.
Multiplied by four
this number be-
comes 879,912.
Acrostic, Beauty
What Am I? Jack

N	A	V	E	A	X	I	S
E	M	D	A	D	S	T	
T	A	D	M	I	T	R	
T	I	D	Y	T	I	D	E
L	E	O	A	A	R	A	
E	P	O	L	A	R	M	
I	T	A	L	I	A	N	
P	C	R	O	D	O	N	
R	E	D	T	O	D	E	

Jacko Goes Down Head First



JACKO was looking at the great roll of linoleum lying on the kitchen floor.
"If we propped that up against the step-ladder, Chimp, old man,"
he said, "it would make a fine slide." And so it did. Jacko mounted
the steps, wriggled into the big roll, head first, and shot down. Mother
Jacko, who had just come in, got the surprise of her life.

WONDERFUL FACTS ABOUT YOU

44. How the Head Moves in All Ways

By a wonderful arrangement of
hinging the head can be turned
in all directions. Two knobs at the
base of the skull work in hollows in
the first bone (called the atlas
vertebra) of the spine, so that the
head can rock backward and for-
ward when it is pulled by the
muscles of the neck. The atlas
vertebra in its turn is so jointed
with the second vertebra (called
the axis) that it can, with the skull,
be turned from side to side by other
muscles of the neck, thus enabling
the head to be turned in practically
every direction.

45. Your Body's Engine and Its Life-Work

With each stroke of the heart
labour is produced sufficient to
lift a one-pound weight a little more
than a yard. The number of heart-
beats, which are like the strokes of
a lift-and-force pump, averages
about 100,000 in 24 hours, or nearly
40 millions a year. In 70 years,
therefore, the heart, working with-
out interruption, would beat 2800
million times.

In a single year the heart draws in
and forces out 850,000 gallons of
blood, and in 70 years it would pump
enough blood to fill a tank with a
capacity of nearly nine million
cubic feet.

Proud Sailor Lad

In Halliday Sutherland's book
The Arches of the Years is a
delightful letter written by a boy
in the Navy to his sister in an
orphanage.

It seems to us that something
of the spirit of Drake and Nelson,
something of the pride and gallantry
of the Navy, is in this simple and
brief letter from one orphan to
another. Here it is:

Dear Maggie, Before I left I gave
Matron 5s to give you at Christ-
mas. I am very happy. The officers
and men are nice. There is no
bullying. You will soon be leaving
the orphanage. It would be nice if
you could go into service with nice
people. We have no parents, and
our relations are best left alone.
When you leave the orphanage you
will be more alone than ever, but if
ever you are tempted to do wrong
remember you have a brother in the
Navy.

WHY CHILDREN ARE FRETFUL

Just think how harmful it is for
a child to carry about a lot of
poisonous waste-matter in his
bowels! No wonder children some-
times are "little devils" for no
apparent reason! The safest way
to give your child a thorough
internal cleansing is 'California
Syrup of Figs'. It sets up a
natural movement that carries
away all the clogging, hard waste-
matter and leaves the little inside
sweetened and clean.

A dose of delicious 'California
Syrup of Figs' once a week keeps
kiddies regular, happy and well.
Get a bottle today, but be sure to
ask for 'California Syrup of Figs'
brand. Obtainable everywhere at
1/3 and 2/6.

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